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A SONG FOR NEW YEAR'S EVE.

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BYANT.

Stay yet, my friends, a moment stay—
Stay till the good old year,
So long companion of our way,
Shakes hands and leaves us here.
O, stay! O, stay
One little hour, and then away.

The year whose hopes were high and strong
Has now no hopes to wake;
Yet one hour more of jest and song
For his familiar sake.
O, stay! O, stay
One mirthful hour, and then away.

The kindly year, his liberal hands
Have lavished all his store,
And shall we turn from where he stands
Because he gives no more?
O, stay! O, stay
One grateful hour, and then away.

Days brightly came and calmly went,
While yet he was our guest;
How cheerfully the week was spent,
How sweet the Seventh day's rest!
O, stay! O, stay
One good hour more, and then away.

Dear friends were with us—some who sleep
Beneath the coffin-lid—
What pleasant memories we keep
Of all they said and did.
O, stay! O, stay
One tender hour, and then away.

Even while we sing he smiles his last,
And leaves our sphere behind—
The good old year is with the past:
O, be the new as kind!
O, stay! O, stay
One parting strain, and then away.

AUNT JERUSHA'S CAT.

A New Year's Story.

Little Bessie Atwood had neither father, mother, sister nor brother. She was all alone in the world, and was about as miserable as any little girl could be. To be sure, she was well and strong, and in full possession of her five senses; but Bessie was twelve years old, and realized fully the unpleasantness of her position. Mrs. Murdock had offered her a home for the chores she could do, and Bessie soon found that she was expected to work hard from early in the morning until the children were all snug in bed at night. The chief cause of Bessie's trouble was not so much the work, for Bessie was an industrious child; but that she was not allowed to go to school. Mrs. Atwood had taught her daughter to read and write a little, and Bessie could do sums in long division and parse easy sentences in her reader. She knew something of geography, too, and had stored away in her little head a clearer knowledge of historical events than is usually possessed by young ladies double her age; but when she came to live at Mrs. Murdock's all these pleasures of study were forbidden her.

"I have no objections to your reading and writing, Bessie," said the mistress, one day, in answer to the child's earnest appeal to be allowed some time to improve herself, "after your work is done. Of course, you know that I only took you in out of charity. I didn't like the idea of a girl as capable as you being sent to the asylum; but Mr. Murdock isn't rich, by any manner of means, and you will have to earn what you eat and the clothes you wear."

"Oh! Mrs. Murdock," continued Bessie, pleadingly, "if you only would let me go to school part of the day I would be willing to work half the night to pay for it. I am losing all my dear mother taught me, and I shall grow up nothing but a poor, ignorant servant."

"Well, I declare!" burst in Mrs. Murdock, with flashing eyes and a very red face. "If ever I heard such impudence! If not a servant, what do you expect to be, Bessie Atwood?"

Mrs. Murdock's tones were intensely irritating, but Bessie replied, quietly, checking the inclination to cry:

"I hoped to be able to fit myself for a teacher, Mrs. Murdock. This is the work my mother commenced."

"Your mother was always too big for her clothes," replied the mistress, coarsely.

For a moment Bessie's eyes flashed with temper. To hear her darling mother thus insultingly spoken of was rather more than she could bear. It was on her lips to say: "My mother was a lady; but you don't know what the word means." But she controlled herself, and went on scouring the knives, her eyes blinded with tears, and her heart so full of pent-up agony that it was all she could do to keep from screaming.

"If you are going to snivel, turn your head the other way," said the hard-hearted woman; and with these miserable words left the kitchen. Bessie tried to compose herself, and went over all the things her mother had said to her about controlling her temper and keeping her conscience void of offense and her heart pure and loving. But the dreadful sentences had sunk deep into Bessie's sensitive soul; and she found it hard even to ask God to help her to be calm and gentle.

"How dare she speak so of my mother? How dare she?" muttered Bessie. Just then the kitchen door opened and Aunt Jerusha entered, all out of breath. Aunt Jerusha was an aged Quaker lady, who lived in a small cottage about a quarter of a mile from the home of the Murdocks. She had evidently walked very fast, and was laboring under considerable excitement.

"Has thee seen anything of my cat, Bessie?" was her first question.

"No, Auntie," said Bessie, smiling through her tears. "I hope you haven't lost him."

Aunt Jerusha's cat was her only companion, and was a big Maltese animal that one of her sons had brought her from over the sea. Some of the boys in the neighborhood, knowing how fond the old lady was of this pet, took every opportunity to annoy her by stealing it and carrying it a great distance out of town, and then leaving it to die or get back just as the poor creature was best able. Tom had returned safe from innumerable excursions of this kind, and might perhaps from this, Aunt Jerusha thought, but the poor old woman had a good deal of doubt about it. The circumstances were unusually aggravating. One of the neighbors had seen Tom in the hands of Hal Murdock, Mrs. Murdock's eldest son; and, as he was a terror to the whole village, the case looked dubious. Aunt Jerusha told Bessie all about it, and Bessie promised if she saw the cat or heard anything of him to let Aunt Jerusha know immediately.

"Thee has been crying, little girl," said the loving old lady. "Is it because thee has so much to do, dear?"

"No, Aunt Jerusha," answered Bessie. 'I want to go to school. I don't care, so much about the work, but I can't bear to think that I must grow up a poor, good-for-nothing, ignorant girl." And now Bessie was driving back the tears again.

"Thee is both right and wrong this morning, little girl," said Aunt Jerusha. "Right because thee should desire to improve thyself, and should be determined to use all the means in thy power to accomplish it; but when thee sees that all this don't amount to anything then thee should try and remember that our time isn't God's time. Anything that is right and noble we have a perfect right to strive after. If we can't get it just when we want it that don't signify that we are never to get it, only that God knows best. He hasn't forgotten thee, dear. Scour thy knives and wash thy dishes, and be sure that everything thee undertakes to do thee does thoroughly, never mind what it is. Be faithful over a few things, Bessie, and all that is great and good and true in thee will one day, when thy Heavenly Father sees it is time, be brought into perfect light. Bear and forbear, Bessie, but be true to thyself and thy honest convictions. I was about to say even if thee has to fight for it, although fighting is not a part of our creed."

"Oh! Aunt Jerusha, you have done me so much good," exclaimed Bessie. "I never will be impatient and cross again, never mind what happens."

"Oh! yes, thee will. Don't make any such promises," said Auntie, smiling. "The devil is a very wily old rascal, and he creeps into very small places sometimes. Remember, Bessie, if thee see anything of my cat thee is to let me know right away."

Bessie reiterated her promise, and Aunt Jerusha started for home. All the rest of the day Bessie scrubbed, and sang, and wheeled the baby, and washed dishes; and Mrs. Murdock, who had not recovered from the rumpus of the morning, looked on and wondered. She couldn't tell how a girl with any spirit (and she knew Bessie did not lack spirit) could so soon be good-natured again.

Christmas had passed, and Bessie had been quite overlooked. The Christmas tree in the parlor had been loaded down with presents for the young Murdocks, but poor Bessie had had no part nor share in the festivities. True, Mrs. Murdock gave her an old alpaca dress to cut and make over for herself; but this was all. And for this Bessie was not in the least grateful. The next day was New Year's, and about as cold as cold could be. Bessie's poor little fingers were so numb as she made the fire in the kitchen stove that it was as much as she could do to lay the sticks together; but the child kept bravely on, saying over to herself Aunt Jerusha's words of cheer which had done her so much good the day before, and after a little was rewarded with a bright fire and comfortable room. What was that queer sound Bessie heard every once in awhile like something scratching and clawing in the cellar below? She listened and finally opened half of the huge outside door and peered down into the darkness beneath. Just then came a decided and pitiful *meaw*, and Bessie knew that Aunt Jerusha's cat was down there. Just then she heard the boys coming down stairs and had only time to get back to the kitchen before they were upon her. She heard Hal whisper to Frank as she set the breakfast-table:

"We'll let him be there till after dinner; and then we'll take him to the barn and put on those nut shoes, set a match to the end of his tail and send him kiting. Poor old Aunt Jerush, what do you think she'll say when Mr. Thomas Cat flies past her house?"

The whole plot was thus discovered. How Bessie was to manage to take that cat to Aunt Jerusha or let Aunt Jerusha know that the animal was confined in the Murdocks' cellar was more than she could imagine. She could not leave the house until after breakfast; and not then if the children were anywhere in the vicinity. About half-past 10—a time that seemed an age to poor Bessie—the boys strolled off down the street. Then Bessie concluded she would tell Mrs. Murdock about the cat and ask her permission to take him to his owner. This she did very prettily and frankly, and this was the answer she received:

"If the boys want to have a little fun with that fussy old woman's cat it is certainly none of my business, and if you know when you are well off you won't make it any of yours. Just as sure as you do you'll get yourself into trouble. The boys expect to have a good time New Year's Day. Beat up those eggs now, and get all my things together for the pudding, and I'll be down in half an hour to make it."

Bessie's little feet fairly flew over that kitchen floor. She had decided to keep the promise she made to Aunt Jerusha, at all hazards. She thought the subject over in every light, and decided that it was right; and so, after she had arranged everything for Mrs. Murdock, she tied on her bonnet and shawl, took a large covered basket, and went down into the cellar. Poor Tom was securely tied, and she was compelled to go back to the kitchen for a knife to cut the cord with. All this necessarily consumed some minutes, and when Bessie emerged from the regions below, with poor Tom trembling and bruised in the basket, it seemed to her that she was quite as badly frightened as the animal she had in charge. She heard Mrs. Murdock call after her from an upper window: "Bessie Atwood, where are you going? Come back this minute!" But Bessie turned neither to the right nor left. She didn't even think of what awaited her on her return. She had just begun to congratulate herself that Aunt Jerusha's cottage would be soon reached—indeed, it was in plain sight—when half a dozen boys, blowing tin horns and hooting and bellowing in the rudest and maddest manner, came rushing toward her. Hal and Frank were among the foremost, and immediately suspected what she had in the basket.

"Give me that cat, you hussy," shouted Hal, "or I'll give you a good punch."

All the effect this threat had upon Bessie was to make her hold on to her charge the firmer.

"Meaw, meaw, *meaow*," squealed Tom, trying his best to get out.

"She heard what we were talking this morning," said Hal. "And the little thief worked her cards pretty well; but just before she did she didn't, eh! Now I tell you, fellers, one of you hold on to her arms from behind, and I'll have the cat out of the bag in a twinkling."

Up to this time Bessie had not spoken a word. Now she said, clearly and calmly: "Boys, stand aside! Aunt Jerusha came to the house for her cat, and I promised her that if I saw him or heard anything of him I would let her know. I am on my way now to keep my promise."

"But you won't be on your way long, not if I know it. Take hold of her, Frank. We'll settle up some old scores now." And with this the young desperado dealt her a ringing blow on the side of her face. At the same time Frank and another boy pulled at the handle of the basket, but without effect.

"Let go," screamed one of them, "or you'll get hurt."

"You may kill me, boys, if you will," said she, holding on with all her might; "but I started for Aunt Jerusha's with this cat, and if you succeed in taking it from me you'll do it when I'm dead, not before."

"That's the talk, little girl, said a friendly voice from the rear. "Got Aunt Jerusha's Maltese cat in that basket, have you? Now tell me who those boys are."

Bessie obeyed. She had never seen this gentleman before, and felt quite sure he was a stranger in the village.

"I'm going to the cottage," continued the gentleman. "Come along with me. I'll see if there's any law in this town after I see you safely housed." And the two walked on, leaving the boys considerably crestfallen and not a little alarmed.

"How does thee do, mother?" said the gentleman, walking straight into the house, leading Bessie by the hand.

"Bless thy heart, boy, is it thee, safe home again?" said Aunt Jerusha. "I expected the Lord was preparing this surprise for me." And the old lady cuddled down in her son's arms as if there was nothing else on earth to wish for.

"And here is thy cat, mother," continued the stranger, "and the bravest little girl I ever heard of. Why, that child would stand at the cannon's mouth without flinching."

In the meantime Bessie had liberated Tom; and he now purred contentedly on his mistress' knee. After hearing a full account of the child's struggle Aunt Jerusha said, suddenly, taking her son's hand:

"William, how much money has thee?"

"Enough and to spare," was the quiet answer.

"Has thee enough to rear this child as she should be reared—enough to secure her a good home with me and all the advantages that active little brain demand?"

"Yes, mother, and nothing would please me so well as to take this responsibility. Little girl," he continued, "what do you want most of anything in this world?"

"To go to school," answered Bessie, simply, "and have somebody to love me."

Aunt Jerusha wiped her eyes and said: "William, this child has been abused. She must never go back. Take off your things, Bessie. This is your home as long as it pleases thee. Thee has done thy best, and God is always as good as His word. Thee is under no obligation to those Murdocks. I will settle all this business for thee." And she did.

Bessie Atwood is now at the head of all her classes, and no girl in the country has a better home or more loving care.

Mrs. Murdock's rage was fearful to witness; but there was nothing she could do, as Bessie was not bound to her by the law. So she vented her spleen on chairs and tables and doors, whipped one or two of her wretchedly-brought-up children, spoiled her New Year's pudding, and finally vowed that when she tried again to be benevolent it would be when her name was something besides Mary Murdock.—*Eleanor Kirk, in N. Y. Independent.*

A MOVEMENT is on foot to induce Gov. Garland, of Arkansas, to invite the Governors of Alabama, Louisiana, Texas, Mississippi and Tennessee to unite with him in a call for a convention of the Southern States this winter at New Orleans, for the purpose of determining upon a mutual plan for the encouragement of immigration to the South from Europe.

COST OF LEGISLATION.

The Woes of Congressmen—How They are Badgered by Importunate Constituents.

It costs the people of the United States, says a Washington correspondent, about $10,000 a day to support the House of Representatives. A session of the House consumes from three to four hours. Every hour's work is done at an expense of $2,500. Every minute of the session costs $40.

To-day, while bending over the bar of the Reporters' Gallery and studying with much interest the faces and manners of honorable members, I heard a voice, offering a bill to change the name of a steamboat on some Western river from "John Johnson" to "Thomas Jenkins." Some seconds—every one taking from the National Treasury considerably more than half a dollar—were spent in the process of "catching the Speaker's eye." Two minutes were occupied by the Speaker in announcing the bill and by the clerk in reading it. Three minutes more sufficed to pass it. Thus the detention of national legislation in the Chamber by this little local bill to change the name of a steam boat cost the people not less than $200. This is a single instance of the thousand petty matters which prolong the sessions of Congress for weeks and months. There are many other instances in which debate on such little bills has arisen and consumed a whole hour of a session.

While Congress as a body is thus hectored, its individual members suffer from importunities and demands on their time and patience of which most readers have no idea. It is supposed that the people's representatives are elected to do their legislation. On the contrary, most members of the House, and even some Senators, find that they are elected to do their constituents' errands. Every lawyer and editor who wants a public document, every farmer who wants seeds, every bristly-haired inventor seeking a patent, or callow author demanding a copyright to print trash; men who have claims against the Government, and men and women, too, who want places under Government; pensioners, people who have lost money in letters, victims of lottery and confidence circulars sent through the mail; pamphleteers and people with hobbies or schemes of reform—all write or come to their Representative in Congress asking, begging, imploring, and often demanding immediate compliance with their requests for his service, aid, interference. Consequently the time that many a member might and would assign to the study of measures before Congress is occupied in answering letters on subjects wholly disconnected from his legislative duties, or in running about among the department offices and boring secretaries and clerks. The penalty of non-compliance with requests from constituents is so well understood that few Congressmen neglect them. Prompt and successful attention to them secures votes at the next election. To waive such attention is to lose voters. Rich and well-to-do members find it possible to do a great deal of drudgery through hired clerks. Ben Butler, for instance, used to keep two secretaries who did nothing but attend to this kind of work. But the poorer members, who having nothing but their salaries of $5,000 a year, are driven to sit up late at night and rise early in the morning, and consume all their forenoon in attending, without any fee whatever, to the personal interests of thoughtless, selfish, stingy constituents. Here are a plenty of patent lawyers, claim agents and agents of every kind, ready to do almost anything for reasonable fees, and hundreds of clerks in the several departments are employed to answer letters of inquiry and do all business with the people; but members of Congress are selected because they will be afraid to refuse, and will, moreover, work for nothing!

I am asked by several members to protest in the names of Justice and Mercy against so sore an imposition.

The Good Boy Who Disobeyed His Mother.

Last Wednesday, Eddie House, George Mayberry and Frederick Pray, each about eight years of age, living at Quincy Point, went out on Town River on the ice, to slide. Eddie, in sliding too near the channel fell through an ice hole, and the other two, after fruitless efforts to rescue him called out for help. Herbert Nott, aged about twelve years, who had just arrived home from school, hearing the cries, dashed off at full speed, to the great chagrin of his mother, who had charged him to return home immediately at the close of school, to go on an errand. She saw him run toward the river, and was planning a punishment for the disobedient but hitherto very obedient Herbert, who, however, had satisfied himself that he was needed more on the river. When little Eddie saw him coming, he cried out, "Oh save me, Herbert; I shall drown." Herbert replied, "No you won't unless I drown with you." Then taking George's sled and pushing it into the water, telling Eddy to lay hold of it, he drew him safely out and took him to his fond mother. Probably Eddie will be more careful in the future.—*Boston Traveler.*

The Lion a Coward.

Prof. Samuel Haughton says in *Nature:* "I have proved that the strength of the lion in the fore limbs is only 69.9 per cent. of that of the tiger, and that the strength of the hind limbs is only 65.9 per cent of that of the tiger. I may add that five men can easily hold down a lion, while it requires nine men to control a tiger. Martial also states that the tigers always killed the lions in the amphitheater. The lion is, in truth, a pretentious humbug, and owes his reputation to his imposing mane, and he will run away like a whipped cur under circumstances in which the tiger will boldly attack and kill."

Some Old People.

A LONG-LIVED FAMILY.

The Concord (N. H.) *Monitor* says: "C. W. Moore received an application for a policy on the life of a man in Lancaster, a few days ago, which furnished the following remarkable record of longevity on both sides of his ancestors: Grandparents—On father's side: Grandfather, 110 years; grandmother, 95 years. On mother's side: Grandfather, 100; grandmother, 98 years. His mother is living, aged 105 years, and the father died at 103 years. He has eight brothers and sisters living, of the following ages: 70, 68, 66, 64, 62, 60, 58 and 45 years respectively. Five children died in infancy."

NEARLY ONE HUNDRED.

The Troy *Press* contributes the following: "Mr. Peter Hammond, now living with his daughter, Mrs. Alfred Taylor, at Genesco, Henry County, Ill., was born at Newton, Mass. (then called Newtown), April 9, 1776. His father, Samuel Hammond, was one of the old patriots of the Revolution, and died in 1842 at the age of 94 years. One of his brothers died a year or two ago, aged nearly 90. Mr. Hammond is a member of the Methodist Church, and walks nearly a mile on pleasant Sundays to attend his favorite church. He has been an exceedingly temperate man in all his habits. Though not a teetotaler, he has eaten and drank in great moderation, and has never used tobacco in any form. This venerable gentleman walks around town without a cane, reads without glasses, eats well, sleeps well, and seems as happy as most mortals of half his years."

DOUBLE GOLDEN WEDDING.

There was a noteworthy celebration in Millport, Chemung County, on the 7th inst., being the fiftieth wedding anniversary of two couples by the same minister, and both couples being alive. The Elmira *Advertiser* says that their names are Mr. and Mrs. John Denson, of Millport, and Mr. and Mrs. Bostwick Bement, of Jackson, Bradford County, Pa. December 7, 1825, these gentlemen espoused two step-sisters, Miss Christiana C. Coston and Miss Philana Tanner. They were wedded at the house of George Tanner, who had married the widow Coston, and lived about a mile southerly from the village of Trumansburg, Tompkins County. Elder Oliver Comstock, who performed the ceremony in 1825, being long since dead, Rev. M. F. Dewitt officiated in his stead, and Charles C. Coston, P. S. Tanner, Christopher C. Coston, and Alfred Tanner, four of the witnesses to the marriage, were present at this anniversary.

Scene in the Detroit Police Court.

Lucy Ellis wasn't rigged out in Saratoga style, yet she demeaned herself as became a lady of education and intelligence. She made an impressive bow as she stood before the desk, and smoothing down her rumpled check apron she wiped her nose and remarked:

"Great change in the weather since last July."

"Prisoneress at the bar, you are charged with throwing a pop-bottle through the window of a corner grocery, and then trying to throw a box of soap out of the same window, all of which raised a great row."

"I am the queen of song, Mr. Justice," she replied, bowing again. "I can sing anything, from one of Mozart's farm ballads to one of Joaquin Miller's operatic airs."

"This isn't a singing-bee, Miss Ellis, but you are on trial for disturbing the peace and quietness of a refined neighborhood on Atwater street. Have you anything to say?"

"I am now organizing a musical troupe, and I hope you will forgive me," she replied.

"I can't help your troupe business. I can't have any such rows as you got up last night!"

"And you ought to hear me sing 'Old Log Cabin in the Lane,' Judge. I don't put on any of these high airs when I sing."

"You can sing for the amusement of your fellow-prisoners in the House of Correction. I'll make it two months."

"I will now proceed to sing that beautiful song called 'Sitting in the Garden,' she replied, but before she could do so Bijah had her sitting on the saw-horse, and soon after that he came out with the marks of her finger nails on his hands.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Remedy for Scarlet Fever.

The San Francisco *Chronicle* states that Robert Christie, of the Potrero, prescribes a remedy for scarlet fever which he says has invariably proved successful. It is as follows: Take an onion and cut it in halves, cut out a portion of the center, and into the cavity put a spoonful of saffron; put the pieces together; then wrap in a cloth and bake in the oven until the onion is cooked so that its juice will run freely. Then squeeze out all the juice and give the patient a teaspoonful, at the same time rubbing the chest and throat with goose grease or rancid butter, if there is any cough or soreness in the throat. In a short time the fever will break out in an eruption all over the body. All that then is necessary is to keep the patient warm and protected from draft, and recovery is certain. Mr. Christie says he has been employing this remedy for many years, and never knew it to fail when proper care was taken of the patient after the application.

ELOPEMENT in California is called the "Pacific slope."

DOGGING A DEFAULTER.

A Detective's Singular, but Successful, Method of Capturing a Runaway Bank Teller.

On Saturday evening two men and a woman arrived in the city by the Savannah train, and registered at the Charleston Hotel under the names of H. W. Davies, Thomas Nichols and Mrs. Joseph H. Nichols. Nichols is the absconding teller of the Canadian Bank of Montreal, who, on the 11th of September last, stole from that bank quite a large amount of money, and, in company with his father, levanted to St. Augustine, Fla. A reward of $10,000 was offered for the delivery of Thomas Nichols at any place in the British dominions, and Henry W. Davies, a well-known detective, was sent in pursuit of him. The detective has been in St. Augustine, Fla., at the same hotel with Nichols, for several weeks, but could not arrest him, there being no extradition treaty for that class of offenses between the United States and the British provinces. But he kept his man in sight, and finally worried him into a surrender. This was accomplished by advertising. In every portion of the city a circular was posted, setting forth the theft, and offering $10,000 reward for the arrest of the fugitive. Every morning the following circular was placed in a conspicuous place in the hotel at which Nichols and his family boarded:

THIEF!—$10,000 reward. On Sept. 11, 1875, Thomas Nichols, Teller of the Canadian Bank of Commerce, at Montreal, Dominion of Canada, stole from said bank a large quantity of Canadian legal-tender notes of the denominations of $500 and $1,000, and, accompanied by his father, Joseph H. Nichols, fled from Montreal, and these two fugitives from British justice are now at the Oriental Hotel, city of St. Augustine, State of Florida, United States of America. I hereby offer the following rewards: $5,000, gold, for the recovery of the amount stolen, or pro rata for what is recovered, and $5,000 gold for the delivery of the said Thomas Nichols at any place in the British Dominion, or Davies' Detective Agency, 17 and 19 Williams street, New York, U. S. A.

HENRY W. DAVIES,
Agent and Attorney of the Canadian Bank of Commerce, St. Augustine, Florida, U. S. A.

Five weeks of this kind of conspicuous and persistent advertising effected what the law could not. The defaulting teller, unable to shake off the detective, voluntarily surrendered himself, and offered to return to Montreal to stand his trial. The parties left on the northern-bound train on Saturday evening, en route for the British Provinces.—*Charleston (S. C.) News.*

State Populations in 1875.

Fifteen States of the Union have made a census of their inhabitants in 1875, and we have the results of eight States, as follows:

States.	1870.	1875.	Increase.
Kansas	364,399	539,373	168,974
Louisiana	726,915	857,039	130,124
Massachusetts	1,457,351	1,651,902	194,551
Michigan	1,184,059	1,344,031	159,762
New Jersey	906,096	1,026,501	120,406
New York	4,382,759	4,705,208	322,449
Rhode Island	217,353	258,239	40,886
South Carolina	705,606	923,447	217,841
Total increase			1,355,202

The seven States of Florida, Iowa, Minnesota, Nebraska, Nevada, Oregon and Wisconsin have also taken censuses this year, and with results only partially known to us. We estimate the increase of population in them at 685,000. The total increase in fifteen States would thus be a little over 2,000,000 since the general census of 1870. The fifteen States named had in 1870 a little more than one-third the population of the United States. If we assume a common average progress in all, the increase in all should, at this time, be upward of 5,000,000, swelling the population of the United States to 44,000,000.

The figures above given, for the eight States, have been definitely ascertained and announced since the Superintendent of the United States Census Bureau prepared his last annual report to Congress. The Superintendent, in that report, took a gloomy view of the "comparatively small results to be derived from the anticipated State census of 1875," and erred, we think, in expressing the opinion that "enough is already known to indicate clearly that the progress of our population has received a temporary check." The figures do not show it.—*Brooklyn Union.*

Church Pews.

There is a speck of history connected with the origin of church pews that cannot but help prove interesting. In the early days of the Anglo Saxon and some of the Norman churches a stone bench afforded the only sitting accommodations for members or visitors. In the year 1319 they are spoken of as sitting on the ground or in a standing posture. At a later period the people introduced low three-legged stools, and they were placed in no uniform order in the church. Directly after the Norman conquest wooden seats came in fashion. In 1387 a decree was issued that none should call any seat in the church his own except noblemen and patrons, each entering and holding the one he first found.

From 1530 to 1540 seats were more appropriated, and a crowbar guarded the entrance, bearing the initial of the owner. It was in 1608 that galleries were thought of. And as early as 1614 pews were arranged to afford comfort by being baized or cushioned, while the sides around were so high as to hide the occupants—a device of the Puritans to avoid being seen by the officer, who reported those who did not stand when the name of Jesus was mentioned.

IT costs about $1,190 to hang a murderer in New York State, and only about six shillings to hang a horse-thief in Texas.

Two Americans have bought and will exhibit the stone sarcophagus in which it was intended to bury Guibord.